

EVENTS OF INTEREST
IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

DOMESTIC HELPS AND
AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

CORNER FOR COOKS

Macaroni Soup.

Boil the macaroni until tender. Add a tablespoon of beef extract to the boiling macaroni and serve without straining.

Delmonico Dressing.

Chop fine one hard boiled egg, and a tablespoon each of tomato catsup and Worcestershire sauce, two tablespoons of vinegar and three of oil, a teaspoon of chopped green peppers and the seasoning.

Cranberry and Fruit Pie.

Chop together a cup of cranberries with the same of raisins, nuts and figs. Add a cup of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of water and a teaspoon of vanilla. Bake with two crusts.

Coffee Muffins.

Mix two cups of flour, half a teaspoon of salt, and three level teaspoons of baking powder. Beat one egg lightly, add to one cup of coffee and stir into the mixture. Bake 20 minutes.

Potato Salad.

Boil the potatoes with the skins on and, when cool pare and slice. Mix together one tablespoonful of vinegar, or better still lemon juice, and three tablespoons of olive oil. Pour over the potatoes and stir thoroughly with wooden spoon.

Drexel Sues For

Home of Hoadleys

Naming Joseph H. Hoadley, formerly of the American & British Co., this city, and others as defendants, John R. Drexel started action yesterday to determine the ownership of the dwelling at 15 East Eighty-second St., New York, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hoadley for years.

The action was an outgrowth of previous litigation between Mr. Drexel and the Hoadleys in which a judgment against Mrs. Hoadley became a lien on the property in favor of Mr. Drexel. On Dec. 2, when the Hoadley home came up for its ninth sale in the auction room, it was bought in by Arthur B. Westervelt.

Mr. Drexel has filed a motion through his attorneys, Anderson, Imlin & Anderson, to enjoin the referee in the foreclosure suit from passing title to Mr. Westervelt, who, Mr. Drexel alleges, is acting for Harvey Risk, a friend of the Hoadleys.

JITNEURS ORGANIZE.

The Bridgeport Public Conveyance association was formed last night by about 100 jitney drivers of this city. The object is to bring pressure to bear against proposed jitney laws.

By a vote of 45 to 15 the Senate refused to abolish the nine United States Sub-Treasuries.

Matinee Garb de Luxe
Is This Maiden's Raiment

FOR 2 P. M.

A beautiful shade of burgundy chiton velvet, beaver trimmed, fashions this gorgeous costume. Exactly what interests us is the peplum, around which runs a little row of hand embroidered flowers, the mille fleurs of early French and Italian painters.

INSPECT MONTICELLO.

Washington, Jan. 27.—A committee of Senators and Representatives will go to Charlottesville, Va., tomorrow to inspect Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson, in connection with the proposed government purchase of the property as an historical landmark. The party will be accompanied by a number of officers of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This organization is behind the movement to buy Monticello.

Farmer Want Ads. One Cent a Word.

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON

HEART TOPICS

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THE HEART OF A MAN.

"Let's not unman each other—part at once!" All farewells should be sudden, when forever. Else they make an eternity of moments. And clog the last sad sands of life with tears."

Who can attempt to understand the heart of a man? Even the mother that bore him cannot plumb its depths, or gauge its capacity for different affections. Just the girl his mother thinks he should be interested in he is entirely indifferent to. The woman who does appeal to him is the last one on earth whom his friends think he could care for. This is conclusive proof that no one can select a heart mate for another with any degree of certainty that each will be entirely suited.

Men are different from women. They seldom make love a study. The majority of romantic women have their day dreams, and have concluded that what sort of a man will suit them. They have little or no trouble in realizing it when a man of this kind who fills the bill comes along. Love is to man a thing apart. He is too busy getting his bread and butter to waste time in conjuring up the style of girl he likes best. He doesn't think of the part of it. He leaves it to fate, fortune or the good fairies that are supposed to govern love affairs. Ten to one it's the woman with whom he is thrown in contact who makes the first impression upon his untutored heart. It depends very much upon the cleverness of the woman as to whether she will turn the tide of his liking into friendship or affection. Man's heart is as impressionable as a baby's. Many of them merely need the intimation that their hearts have gone out to a particular girl to actually believe it. For as a man thinks, so it is. It does not take words for a clever girl to cause a man to think that she believes he is in love.

A clever girl once said to a young man in whom she was interested, "Somehow I expected you here this evening. You came into my thoughts very much during the day. That is said to mean that you were thinking of me. He changed to see a girl who was really here while on his way to business that morning. That caused him to remember her. His presence there that evening was the impulse that came to him to step in as he was passing. She certainly made him believe there was more to his resolve than she had imagined. He pondered so long and seriously over that remark that he came to believe they must be intended for each other. She had played upon the right strings of that particular man's heart. Every man has a chord, and if the chord is touched by the right woman."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, not to print Use ink. Write short letters only on one side of paper. Address Miss Libbey, 916 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

ARE HOMELY GIRLS

UNCARED FOR?

B. E. writes: "I want to ask you if a homely girl is uncared for? I am 20 and positively homely. When I go to parties where a number of girls go together, young men who go there without taking one are on hand to see the other girls home, but no one ever steps up to me, and many a time to my intense mortification I would have had to go home alone if some couple going my way had not noticed my plight and asked me to go along with them. Dear Miss Libbey, what is the matter? Why can I not make myself as attractive as the young men of our town as the other girls do?"

Do you not think a difficulty lies more or less with yourself? Few if any young girls are positively homely. Perhaps you do not wear your hair becomingly. In a style that suits your face. Your dresses may not be made in a girlish style. Study those two suggestions carefully. If pretty girls were the only ones with whom hearts and became wives, three-fourths of the world of married men would be wifeless. When a man falls in love, the idyl of his heart looks beautiful in his eyes no matter how homely she appears to others. Be natural, pleasant and let your lips wear a smile as you greet your friends. Make a study of yourself and you will soon be able to remedy what you now consider defects.

A WORKING GIRL'S WAGES.

D. H. writes: "I am writing this letter to you not only to air my secret woes, but to benefit other working girls whose eyes may fall upon it. I am a woman of 28, employed in a large store for the last 12 years, earning very fair salary—and better positions—every few years. I live with my married sister—having no other living relative. I have never been able to lay by a dollar, because all that I have over and above paying for my board my sister borrows from me for one thing or another and gives repayments. When she is not borrowing, her children get at me for this and that, until I haven't a cent in my purse. I read in your column of a case very similar to mine, but that girl had the spunk to leave her relatives. You took sides with her, giving good advice. Now will you tell me what course best to pursue?"

In case of persistent, heartless draining of a working girl's pocket-book by relatives, it is wisest and best to seek another boarding place where the opportunity will be yours to save for a rainy day. The aged woman who is without means has no welcome in later years from those who have benefited for years by her generosity and foolish, mistaken kindness. When relatives put up with

your presence only because they are getting you all from week to week they are not for your good. Ties welded by money are too brittle to be of any account. A working woman should not feel herself in duty bound to give more than her board to those whose roof shelters her—save in rare cases and those should be few and far between.

TODAY'S POEM

THE NEW YEAR GUEST.

"If any man hear My voice,
And open the door,
I will come in to him,
And will sup with him,
And he with Me."

To-day

When thy glad spirit flings its portals wide,
Mine is the voice which listening thou mayst hear
In all the noble thoughts that press inside
To greet thee with their merry cheer
Of Happy New Year.

O Man!

I formed these for a comrade unto Me
Thy soul a living room where friends draw near
One to the other self-revealingly—
Thus I and these daily more dear
Through Happy New Year

Dost thou,

Will answering to My will, respond
"My heart Thy home!" with welcome
Ringing clear,
"O eyes and ever closer knit the bond,
Between us?" Then, ah, then, most dear

Thy Happy New Year!

DOREUMS SCUDDER,
Yale '80. 23 Kamitomizaka, Koishikawa, Tokyo, Jan. 1, 1917.

LITTLE BENNY'S
NOTE BOOK

(By Lee Page)

I didn't have anything else to do so I was reading the newspaper on the sitting room floor, reading the editorials, and I sed to pop. Pop, will you tell me a word means?

I mite if you tell me the word first sed pop.
Millennium, I sed, and pop sed, O millennium, millennium comes from 3 Greek words, mill meaning perfect, enny meaning gorgeous and um meaning time, the millennium is what we are all waiting for, when the millennium comes little boys will be intirely different.

All of them? I sed.
Positively no exceptions, sed pop.
How do you mean, pop, intirely different? I sed.

They'll close the doors after them when they leave rooms, and they'll put everything back were they found it. In fact, they'll be almost painfully neat, sed pop.

G, I sed. And they'll get up in the morning and wake up there losing fathers instead of the other way around, and they'll consider it a favor to be allowed to run errands instead of expecting to be paid for it, sed pop.

O, G, I sed.
And there hands and faces will always be as white as snow from being washed so much, and wen they are spoken to they will obey so quickly that it will look like a miracle, sed pop.

In that wat millennium means? I sed.

Exactly, sed pop.
G, that will be a heck of a time, I sed.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Gertrude Elizabeth McMath of 608 State street to George Thomas McCarthy, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. George T. McCarthy of 929 Iransetan avenue, which will take place at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, Feb. 17, in St. Augustine's church.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Marcia Kathryn Delbridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Delbridge of Fairfield, to George Francis Higgins of Utica, N. Y. Miss Delbridge is popular in Bridgeport and Fairfield. Mr. Higgins is a traveling examiner of the New Haven road, with headquarters in New Haven. The wedding will take place in June.

Mr. and Mrs. John Graham O'Hara, who have been stopping at The Stratfield, left yesterday for Detroit, Mich., where Mr. O'Hara has taken a new position. Mrs. O'Hara was Miss Loretta Gilroy before her marriage.

MEXICAN LABOR PROTECTED.

Mexico City, Jan. 27.—To assure the protection and well being of Mexican laborers in foreign countries, an order has been issued by the First Chief General Carranza, providing that before laborers seeking to contract their services in foreign countries are allowed to depart, such contracts must be submitted to the labor section of the department of fomento colonization and industry through the consul of the country to which they desire to go. In order for such contracts to be approved, they must show that the laborers will be given proper guarantees and that their rights will be protected and that the government of the country to which they go will give them the same aid and protection accorded them at home.

The
DaredevilBy
Maria Thompson Daviess
Author of "The Melting
of Molly"

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(Continued.)

From there I could gain the city of Hayessville in the dead hours of the night and in those same dead hours depart to France after obtaining the money I had left in my desk and which I had earned by my labors and would not be in the act of stealing from the state of Harpeth. Only one night and day would I be alone in the forest, and I did not care if a death should overtake me. In my body my heart was dead, and why should I desire the life of that body?

CHAPTER XVI.

"You Are—Myself!"

AND as I had planned I then accomplished. I discovered that Lightfoot at pasture, and I quickly had placed the saddle upon him and had turned him down the mountain to choose a safe path for both himself and me. I did not look upon those cradles of fragrant boughs in which the boy Robert had lain at rest beside his great friend, the Gouverneur Faulkner, from whom he had stolen faith and affection.

"Why did not you also steal his pocketbook as he lay asleep beside him, Robert, marquise of Grez and Bye?" I questioned myself, with scorn and torture, as good Lightfoot crashed down from that Camp Heaven into the dark night.

And on we rode, the large horse with the woman upon his back, for a long night, my riding breeches with rose tendrils and under thick forests of budding trees, through whose branches of tender leaves the wise old stars looked down upon my litter weeping with nothing of comfort, perhaps because they had grown of a hardness of heart from having seen so many tears of women drop in the silence of a lonely night.

Then came a dawn and a noon and a twilight, through which I pushed forward the large horse with great cruelty, only pausing beside streams to allow that he drink of the water and also to throw myself down on my face and lap the cool refreshment like



And on We Rode, the Large Horse With the Woman on His Back.

do all humble things. And when at last the stars were again there to look down upon me we arrived behind the barn of that Bud Bell to find all in the house at rest. I thought of that small child in sleep in the arms of that woman, and a great sobbing came from my heart as I threw myself into my chery, after giving a supper to good Lightfoot, and fled down the long road to the distant city of Hayessville that lay away in the valley like a great nest of glowworms in a glade of the leaves of darkness. And among those glowworms I knew that more than a hundred friends to me were beginning to go into sleep with deep affection in their hearts for that Robert Carruthers whom wicked Roberts, marquise of Grez and Bye, was about to steal from them. I wept as I turned my chery through the back street and into the garage of my uncle, the General Robert. Then I paused. All was quiet in the house, and no light burned in the apartments of my beloved protector and relative. From the watch at my wrist I ascertained the hour to be half after 10 o'clock, and I knew that he was safely in cards at that club of Old Hickory, whose lists now bore the added one of another Robert Carruthers, man of honor and descendant of its founders. Also there was no light in the rear of the house in the apartment of that kind Kizzie, in whose affections I had made a large place. A dim light burned in the hall, and I knew that there I would find my faithful chocolate Bonbon sitting upon a chair by the great door asleep.

"It is bello there, good Bonbon," I greeted him.

"Howdy, Mr. Robert," he answered me by a very large smile, with very white teeth set in his face of extreme blackness. "The gen'l said to call him on the fume as soon as you come."

"That I will attend to from my apartment," I answered him and then ascended the wide dark stairway with feet which were as a weight to my ankles.

Very slowly I entered that apartment and turned on the bright light. All was in readiness for me, and on the

small table under the glass case that contained that bedflowered robe of state of the dead Grandmamma Carruthers stood a vase of very fresh and innocent young roses.

"I would that I could remain and fulfill the destiny of a woman of your house, Madam Grandmamma," I whispered to her lovely and smiling portrait on the wall opposite. "I am the last of the ladies Carruthers, but I have a forfeit of that destiny, and I must go out in the night again in man's attire to a death that will tear asunder the tender flesh that you have borne. Goodbye!"

Then I made a commencement of a very rapid packing—in one of those bags which I had purchased from the kind gentleman in the city of New York—of what raiment I knew would be suitable for a man in very hurried traveling. I put into it the two suits of clothing for wear in the daytime, but I discarded all of my clothing for the pursuits of pleasure.

"You must make a great hurry, Thief Roberts, for 't draws near midnight, and that is the hour that the train departs to the north," I cautioned my weeping self. "At that hour you go forth into the world alone."

And then what ensued?

Very suddenly I heard the noise of a car being drawn to the curb in front of the house and the rapid steps of a man's progress along the pavings of brick to the front door, at which he made a loud ringing. In not a moment was the good Bonbon at my door with a knocking.

"The governor is here to see you, Mr. Robert," he informed me.

"What shall you do, Roberts, marquise of Grez and Bye?" I asked of myself. "How is it that you can be able to support the cold reproaches he will give to you while requiring that you stay to bring dishonor to your uncle, the General Robert? You are caught in a trap as is an animal."

And then, as I covered there in my agony, very suddenly that terrible devil rose within me and gave to me a very strange counsel. As it was speaking to me my gaze was fixed upon the robe of state of the beautiful grandmamma.

"Very well, then, that great Gouverneur Faulkner can give his chastisement and lay his commands upon the beautiful and wicked Roberts, marquise of Grez and Bye, in proper person, and not have the privilege of again addressing his faithful and devoted comrade Robert, who is dead. I, the Marquise Roberts of Grez and Bye, will accord to him an interview, and in the language of this United States, it will be 'some' interview!" With which resolve I turned to make an answer to the faithful Bonbon at the door.

"Where awaits his excellency the Gouverneur Faulkner?" I questioned to him.

"In the hall at the bottom of the steps," he made reply to me.

"Attend him into the large drawing room for a waiting and make all of the lights to burn. Say to him that I will descend in a very small space of time," I commanded.

"Yes, sir," he made reply and departed.

And then in my wickedness I began to commit a desecration on the memory of my beautiful and honored Grandmamma Carruthers. I walked to that glass case in which reposed that gown of the beautiful flowered silk and took it therefrom and laid it upon a chair above the soiled riding breeches of corduroy I had so lately discarded. I opened the carved wooden box on the table underneath and took from it the silver slippers and the stockings of silk, also the lace fan and the silver band for the hair. Thereupon I walked to my mirror and commenced to make a toilet of great care, but of a great rapidity.

My first action was to take down that love-lock and with the oil of roses to lay it in its accustomed place upon my cheek, which burned with a beautiful rose of shame and at the same moment with some other emotion that I did not understand, which emotion also made my eyes as bright as the night stars out in that Camp Heaven. The silver band held closely the rest of my hair and gave it the appearance of a very close coiffure which is the fashion of this day, and one very sweet young rose I put into it just above the curl with an effect of great and wicked beauty.

The coiffure having been accomplished, the rest of the toilet, from the slippers of the cloth of silver to the edge of fine old lace, now the color of rich cream, that rested upon my white arms and shoulders, was only a matter of a few moments, and then I stood away from my mirror and beheld myself therein.

"You are as beautiful as you are wicked, Roberts, marquise of Grez and Bye, but you go to your death in a manner befitting a grande dame of your ancient house of France, whose daughters once showed the rabble how to approach a guillotine costumed in magnificence. Descend for that cold knife to your heart!" And, so speaking, I picked up my fan and made my way through the hall to the halfway of the wide steps. At that point a commotion occurred.

"Lordee! it's the old lady come to ha'nt!" exclaimed my good Bonbon, and with a groan he fled into the darkness in the back regions of the house.

And it happened that his loud cry brought a response which came to me before I was quite in readiness for it. As I reached the last step of the wide staircase under the bright light I raised my eyes, and, behold, the Gouverneur Faulkner to whom I had descended for the purpose of mortal combat stood before me!

And was it that cruel and wicked and cold Gouverneur Faulkner who was to scourge me and keep me in the house of my uncle, the General Roberts, for a dishonor? It was not. Be-

fore me stood a tall man who was of a great patience and a terrible fatigue also, covered with the dust of a long, hard ride, with eyes that were full of a fear, who stood and looked at me with not a word of any kind.

Suddenly I bowed my head and stretched out my bare arms, the one of which bore the red scar from the wound suffered for him, and, thus suppliant, I waited to receive the reproaches that were due to me from my gouverneur.

And for a long minute I waited and then again for another long period of time, and no word came to me. Then I raised my head.

For all women now in the world who have the love of a man in their hearts and for those unborn who will come into that possession I pray that they may be given the opportunity to plant in the hearts of those men of their desire the seed of a fine loyalty and service and comradeship and that they may some day look into his eyes and see that seed slowly expand into a great white flower of mate love as I beheld bloom for me in the eyes of my beloved Gouverneur Faulkner. Long we stood there and looked into the soul

of each other and let the flower grow, drinking from our hearts and the veins of our bodies until at last it was fully open, and then I went with a love cry into his arms held out to me and pressed the heart of my body close against his own.

"I think my heart has always known, though my mind's eyes were blind, God, if I had lost you into that hell of war, you daredevil!" he whispered, and I tasted the salt of his tears on my lips.

"I am a lie!" I whispered back to him.

"You are—myself," he laughed through a sob, and then, while with his large warm hand he held my throat as a person does the stem of a flower, he pressed his lips into mine until they reached to the heart within me. In a moment with my hands I held him back from me.

"I must go, my beloved, even as I have said," I cried to him. "I cannot stay to his dishonor and to the rage and unhappiness my uncle, the Gen-



Long We Stood There and Looked into the Soul of Each Other.

eral Robert, will experience when he discovers that a girl has cheated him in his great affection and generosity to her."

"It is going to be hard on the general to have his grandmother come to life on his hands like this," laughed my Gouverneur Faulkner, bending and placing upon the creamy lace of my grandmamma a kiss which was warm to my heart through the bedflowered silk.

"Let me die in those trenches as that he will never know," I pleaded.

"No, sweetheart; that would be too easy. You are going to stay right here and face the old forty-two centimeter," he made a reply to my pleading request as the bent and laid his cheek upon the love-lock. "That curl ought to have opened my eyes when I sat and watched you open your eyes day before yesterday morning," was the remark he added to his cruel command that I stay and face my very dreadful and so very much beloved uncle, the General Robert.

"I am afraid," I answered as I clung to him with a trembling.

"Yes, I know you are afraid of him or anything," laughed my beloved Gouverneur Faulkner, with a shake of my shoulders under his great strong hands. "But perhaps these papers I have in my pocket from Captain Laeselles, who is at the mansion getting rid of dust, will help you out after the first explosion, which you will have to stand in a very few minutes from now if that hall clock is correct and I know the general's habits as I think I do."

"Oh, let me ascend and get once again into my trousers!" I exclaimed as I sought to leave the arms that again held me close.

"Never!" said my Gouverneur Faulkner after another kiss upon the cheek nearest to him. "You'll just wear this ball gown until you can get some dimity, madam, and don't you ever even mention to me!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Home at Last.

BUT just here an interruption arrived, and I sprang from the arms of my Gouverneur Faulkner only in time to avoid being discovered therein. My beloved uncle, the General Robert, entered the door in a great hurry, with that much frightened Bonbon following close at his heels.

"What's all this that fool nigger phoned about ghosts walking and?" Then he stood very still in the spot upon which his feet were placed and regarded me as I turned from the arms of my Gouverneur Faulkner and faced him.

(To Be Continued.)

FUNERAL DESIGNS AND
BOUQUETS
JOHN RECK & SONEasy & Practical
Home Dress Making
Lessons

Prepared Specially for This Newspaper

By Pictorial Review

For Manly Little Men.



A blue serge suit that would please any boy. The jacket is trimmed with tucks stitched in slot-seam effect and has a belt and square yoke of self-material.

Styles for boys show remarkable variety. Here is a suit of really distinguished appearance carried out in blue serge. The jacket is accompan-

ied by side-closing trousers and has the front and back cut in two sections which are joined under the belt. The upper section are tucked in slot-seam effect and attached to a square shoulder yoke. A round, turn-down collar finishes the neck. The sleeves have two seams and are plain at the wrists except for two buttons of self-material.

For a boy of eight years the suit requires 2½ yards 54-inch serge. There are many pieces to the pattern, so that it will be necessary for the home sewer to study the guide carefully in order to have them arranged perfectly. This is necessary for economy of material as well as for the appearance of the suit.

First the serge is folded in half. The lower and upper back of the coat are placed on a lengthwise fold of material. Then comes the back, with single large "O" perforations on a lengthwise thread. Next, in the order named, are laid the yoke, collar and waistbands (C and D) with the belt last.

In the row above are placed the upper and lower front of the jacket, the upper sleeve section, pockets, yoke, lap and fly of trousers. All of these sections are laid on the serge so that their large "O" perforations rest on a lengthwise thread.

The upper row contains the under-facing, the lower sleeve section and the front of the trousers, all laid with the large "O" perforations on a lengthwise thread of the serge.

Some buttons may be substituted for those of self-material, if desired. There is very little difference in the cost, however, especially if the self-buttons have to be made by someone making a specialty of such work.



Pictorial Review Boys' Suit. Sizes, 4 to 12 years. Price, 15 cents.

These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.